



THE TRUSTEES IN A TIGHT PLACE.

"The female teachers of the Public schools are pressing the Board of Trustees for increased salaries."—*Toronto. Correspondent of Montreal Witness.*

THE DISGRUNTLED PROPERTY OWNER.

1887.—Ah, Toronto is going ahead at a great rate. Best prospects of any city on the continent. All we want is a little more municipal enterprise—make things boom. We need more parks, more fine public buildings, better drainage, museums, picture galleries, libraries, and that sort of thing. Cost money? Well, of course, but what matter so long as our real estate keeps on increasing in value. Let the future take care of the debt—they'll get the benefit of the improvements. Let's elect Clarke mayor. He's a live man. Hurrah for Clarke!

1888.—Didn't I tell you? Things are moving in great shape. Good man, Clarke—great head. Real estate going up, up, up, till you don't know where it'll stop. Why should it stop? Great scheme these local improvements. Plenty of room in suburbs for more streets all nicely block-paved, drained and supplied with water. Put 'em through regardless. See how fast city's growing. Faster she grows the more we make. Taxes are a little higher this year, but who cares? Nobody feels it, because we're all making lots of money. Whoop la! Give Clarke a second term, of course. He's doing bravely.

1889.—Oh, this is splendid! Always had faith in Toronto. Going to be second Chicago, sure. Only we'll have to show lots of enterprise and keep spending money. It all comes back and more, too. Must keep on laying out more streets. It don't really cost anything, because the people who buy the lots get the benefit of the improvements. Taxes are quite a pull, though, but we mustn't complain—can't have a boom without 'em. Clarke for third term? Oh, certainly, why not? But—ahem—perhaps if he could manage to lower the taxes a little next year, or at least not to increase them. Anything in reason, but then you can have too much of a good thing, you know.

1890.—What, taxes still increasing? Oh, this is really too bad. I'm afraid there must be extravagance and mis-

management somewhere at the City Hall. I'm rather disappointed in Clarke. Not the man we thought he was. Wouldn't so much mind it, only things are terribly dull. Doesn't seem to be any demand for real estate to speak of. It's just as valuable as ever it was, of course—no drop in prices, but people are not buying. I wonder why? Must be on account of municipal extravagance. Down with Clarke and let us inaugurate an era of strict economy and reform.

1891.—Mercy on us! Taxes this year are fairly ruinous. Why, they're higher than rents in some cases. Oh, it's outrageous! The city is bankrupt. It's all on account of that infamous local improvement system and the rash, reckless profligacy of the municipal administration. What idiots—to go on laying out streets through all the farms for miles around, that won't be needed for residence purposes for fifty years to come, and loading us unfortunate property owners with debt. Everybody could have foretold years ago that a crash must come. It's all on account of the shameful corruption and scandalous extravagance of Clarke and his supporters. Turn them out! Turn them out!!

HIS TAKING WAYS.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 24th.—Regarding the Nelson case, at a meeting of the Baptist Association in Toronto, it is said that Nelson received no certificate of character from any person in this city. On the contrary, his conduct was such that he had been regarded with suspicion during his residence in Winnipeg. He went around attired in clerical garments, wore long hair, and on first acquaintance was quite taking.—*Empire despatch.*

THE correspondent needn't have telegraphed all the way from Winnipeg to tell us that. Taking? We should say so. He took in his parishioners, he took off Miss Teetzel, and finally took a tumble to himself. He's the most taking man we have heard of in a long time.